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TWENTY O'CLOCK

AND OTHER DROLL STORIES

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

AL 1786.3.37

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Branford, Conn.

TWENTY O'CLOCK

AND OTHER DROLL STORIES

By Elbert Hubbard

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, New York

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The Roycrofters
East Aurora
N. Y.

TWENTY O'CLOCK

A little seriousness is a dangerous thing; too much is absolutely fatal.

TWENTY O'CLOCK

IN the "Square" at Medford, Mass., (where they make the Rum) are two churches whose spires pierce the blue of heaven. One church had a town clock, and the other, considering that two clocks are better than one, also put in a town clock. Both clocks strike the hours—Time's reminder of Eternity.

Strange to say, Medford votes "Dry," but horse-medicine is to be had by those who know how. Not long ago a Citizen of Medford was wending his way homeward, tacking from this side to that, muttering to himself and wondering what

Mary would say about his condition and the lateness of the hour. He had reached the Square. It was midnight, but the Citizen did not know it, for as he looked up at the clock in the steeple of the Methodist church the dial seemed to revolve like a buzz saw. "I am drunk," said the Citizen, "drunk—too dam drunk to see straight, but if that clock would strike I 'm not so drunk, b'god, but what I can count!" He sat down on the steps to think it over. Just then the clock began to strike. The man counted: one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—("It must be 'leven!") 'leven—("No, it 's twelve!") twelve. Just then the Presbyterian clock began—thirteen ("Eh?")—fourteen ("Gee!")—fifteen ("D' ye hear that!")—sixteen ("Lord, but I 'm full!")—seventeen ("T' 'ell!"—eighteen ("Hully smokes!")—nineteen ("Goddam!")—twenty ("——,

——!")—twenty-one("——— ———!!")
—twenty-two (" —— —— ——! ! ! ")—
twenty-three (" ——— ——— ! ")—
twenty-four—" Oh, but Mary 'ull give it to me! I was never out so late in my life! "

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PRESERVING THE HARMONIES

A THEATRICAL TROUPE from New York was recently making a tour of the small western cities. Unlike most theatrical troupes, the members were all on very good terms with each other. In fact there seemed to exist a genuine bond of fellowship among them. At Burlington, Iowa, the Leading Lady was taken severely ill with an acute affection of the throat. The company took her on to the next stand, at Keokuk. A physician was called, all was done that could be done. The patient grew rapidly

worse and in a few hours passed out. She was a good girl—all of her savings had been sent at regular intervals back to her old parents at Rahway. And now the other women of the troupe packed up all of her effects and sent them home with what money she had, back to the simple old folks in New Jersey. A collection was taken up to defray the funeral expenses —it was all they could do for her now— they would give her a decent burial. A committee of three went to the Undertaker's and selected a fine cedar casket. The Undertaker was ordered to spare no reasonable expense, but to make the entire funeral arrangements fitting and complete

"Shall I line the casket with white or lavender satin?" asked the Undertaker.

¶ "Just which you please—we do not care for expense!" answered the spokesman

"Yes, I know, but you do not understand. You see if the deceased was a single lady the lining must be white; if she was married it should be lavender!"

The committee withdrew to advise. After some moments' consultation they came back, and the spokesman said: "We have decided that the lining of the casket should be white—pure white—but we think you had better trim it with lavender."

GOD AGREED

MARSHALL P. WILDER'S little daughter came into the house the other day in great excitement, saying there was a lion in the backyard. Her mother chided her, saying, "You know that is n't true, Grace; now go right upstairs, and say a nice little prayer, and ask God to forgive you for telling such a story." When she came back

Marshall asked her if she had done as her mother told her to. The four-year-old answered: " Yes, daddy; I talked to God about it and He said, ' That 's all right, little girl. I thought it was a lion myself when I first looked at it.' "

It is a curious thing how Marshwildus hears so much funny kid talk. Almost every youngster he meets is astonishingly wise and awfully funny.

IT FITS THE CASE

A FEW days after Lord Chief Justice Mansfield of England had rendered one of his famous decisions, Lady Inquisitive, sitting next to him at dinner, said:

" My Lord, you speak of Equity in your opinion. My Lord—now, what is Equity? "

¶ " What is ' Equity,' my dear Lady? "

came the reply. "Why, er, ah, Equity varies according to the size of the Lord Chancellor's foot."

What is the meaning of the word Reasonable?

Why, er, Terese, er, ah—everybody knows that!

AN EASY MARK

AM either a lallapaloosa as for looks, or else I am a Mark Antony—an easy Mark—to use the phrase of Cleopatra.

And this is why: The other day I was in Chicago and dropped into one of Kohlsaat's Restaurants, because it 's the simple life for me.

I seated myself at the counter and gave my order to a girl: "A baked apple, two soft-boiled eggs, dry toast and a cup of tea."

As the girl repeated my order to the

Nether Regions, her voice struck me as being in a rather musical minor key, and I looked at her. As I did so, I saw that she was solemnly and intently looking at me.

¶ Then she came close, leaned over that counter and half whispered, "You have beautiful hair."

I gazed the other way.

"You have lovely eyes."

I looked stern and solemn and said nothing ❧ ❧

I felt my face blushing scarlet.

I tried to say something flippant, and then I thought I would reprove her, but aphasia got me and I stuttered, "Please have those eggs boiled only on one side!"

The girl brought my order, and as she placed the dishes, she added, "You look just like my father—you will not mind my saying it?"

"Oh, no, where is he?" I ventured, and gulped a mouthful of tea, red hot.

"He's dead. He was a street-car conductor and a fire-truck ran into his car as he was standing on the platform. He was a beautiful man!"

I failed to fletcherize.

The check was twenty-five cents—the tip a dollar ❧ ❧

Was I taken in—being a stranger—or was it a strange, human and dramatic touch?

¶ I met Wilbur Nesbit, Heart Psychologist Extraordinary, an hour after, and related the incident.

He said it was a touch, in any event ❧

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"CHIN-FLY"

A CERTAIN amount of trouble is a good thing.

Lincoln used to illustrate the point with a story about a "chin-fly." It seems that once in Sangamon County a man was plowing with

a very lazy mule. Suddenly the mule lifted its head, switched its stump of a tail, and went across the field at a rapid walk and with most unusual energy ❧ Reaching the end of the row, there was a man on the fence. When the mule and man came up, the fellow got down, walked over to the mule and hit him a slap on the jaw, at the same time remarking, "Well, I killed him that time!"

"Killed what!"

"Why, that chin-fly!"

"Well, you dam fool, I wish you would mind your own business—that chin-fly was the only thing that made this mule go."

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GROCER OBLIGED

LETTER No. ONE

Dear Friend Husband:

You are travelling around so much, and have so many business duties, that

it is but natural you should forget me. But really, my shoes need mending, the rent is due, and the grocer threatens dire things. Will you please send me a check?

With much love ever,

LETTER No. TWO

Dear Friend Wife:

Your precious letter received, showing you have not forgotten me and that your lovely tootsies are sticking through your precious shoes. I enclose you a check good for a thousand kisses.

With bushels of love,

LETTER No. THREE

Dear Friend Husband:

Your good letter received. It was most kind of you to send the check, and the grocer has kindly cashed it ❧

With unending love,

BILL SCORES

I WAS walking down Olive Street in St. Louis arm in arm with Bill Reedy.

"Did you see that woman smile at me?" I asked him of the facile faber. ¶ And the Immortal William replied, "Oh, that's nothing—the first time I saw you I nearly laughed my dam head off."

ALI BABA AND MATHEMATICS

ALI BABA is full of wise saws, modern instances, artistic prunes, and mathematical abstrusities

Especially does Ali Baba love to expatiate in mathematics. He knows the length of the *Great Eastern,* the weight of a locomotive, the rate at which sound travels,

the quantity of corn that it takes to fatten a hog, and the amount of hay that a cow will consume in a year.

Not long ago, when one of our valued printers married the rosy daughter of an honest farmer, Ali Baba, instead of congratulating the happy couple as the rest of us did, called the young man out to one side and asked him this question: "How much does she weigh?" jerking his thumb over his shoulder at the blushing bride.

"Ah—er—how much does she weigh?"

¶ "That is what I asked you. I hope your hearing is good. How much does she weigh?"

"Why, a hundred and forty pounds," said the husband.

"Well, she will eat her weight every month. It will take just one hundred forty pounds of grub to keep her gizzard going for thirty days. Twelve times one

hundred forty equals a ton—pretty near; that is, she will consume a ton a year. In ten years she will eat a carload, easy. Each of her children will consume its weight every month from the time it is born

"Suppose in ten years she has seven babies—just figure this up for yourself ——"

But by this time the young man had escaped, and Baba was left alone with his philosophical calculations.

INTERNAL REVENUE

H, Doctor," said the kind lady, "I have been under the X-Ray. And when you performed that operation on me you left your surgical scissors inside my territory."

"Bless me," said the absent-minded

Specialist; "I had n't missed them. But thank you, my good Lady, thank you so much. However, don't bother to return those scissors—I will add the cost of them to your bill."

UNCLE JOE AND THE PUMPKIN

ET it be known that Uncle Joe is a very proficient builder of fences, politically speaking. He knows all the voters by name, and he calls to see them in person, patting the heads of the children and distributing pleasing compliments among the mothers.

In fact, it is said that all the children in Uncle Joe's district are bald, through much patting of the occiput.

When your Uncle Joe sees a perambulator coming up the street, he recognizes

it as an opportunity to stand in well with the lady voter, and in Illinois, be it known, gentlemen voters vote as their wives dictate—or largely so.

And so one day, down around the market, Uncle Joe sees a perambulator perambulating, and according to habit he stops, shakes hands with the lady and peers into the perambulator, and says: "My! My! My! You don't have to tell me whose baby that is—the exact image of his father!"

And behold! On this particular occasion the lady had been to market with her perambulator and left the baby at home. ¶ The perambulator was filled with a goodly amount of vegetables, with a pumpkin in the back part of the peripatetic "Ford." This pumpkin Uncle Joe mistook for the baby until he had launched the bromidial: "My! My! My! The exact image of his father!"

Uncle Joe tried to square himself by making it appear that his act was a premeditated pleasantry.

But whether he lost two votes or gained one he does not know.

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AN UNDERTAKER'S TALE

ERE follows an undertaker's tale told me by a Southern Planter.

¶ Once upon a time there was an all-round sport who was ill, sick, off his feed and on the bink.

And being sick he was doubly a rogue, according to the dictum of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was, himself, considerable of a grouch.

And into the sick-room of the old sport dropped a friend.

The friend was of the cheerful, exceeding cheerful type. His motto was, " Look on

the bright side, and scatter sunshine wherever you go."

So he entered the sick-chamber in his breezy, altruistic way and shouted, " Why, Old Sport, how fine you are looking! "

" I don't feel that way," growled the sick man ❧ ❧

" Oh, come now, really I never saw you looking so well."

" Liar and lickspittle," said the sick man, " I 'm in bad shape."

" You have just overworked a little."

" Idiot! "

" You will be at the ball-game Saturday."

" Pismire! "

" Your eyes are bright."

" Pollywog! "

" Your tongue is not coated! "

" Horse-thief! "

" You have no fever."

" Shitepoke! "

" It is only a slight attack of indigestion."

"Mutt!"
"Your complexion is perfect."
"Mollycoddle!"
"And anyway, your vocabulary is all right."
"Sunovabych!"
"It is only a matter of nerves!"
"Enough of that!" hoarsely whispered the man on the bed. "I 'm a dam sick man, I tell you!"
"Nonsense!" exclaimed the agent of the Sunshine Society; "all foolishness! why, you will be out tomorrow."
"You are a liar, I say," breathed the sick man laboriously, "I am near cashing in."
"It is only an error of mortal mind."
"Lobster! You are trying to make out I am bughouse!"
"Well, a man may be bughouse, and yet not be really sick!"
"The doctor was here an hour ago and

said that if I turned over on my right side I would be dead in less than ten minutes."

"What do the doctors know about it!"

"I 'll bet you five to one that my doctor is right."

"I 'll take it," smiled the visitor.

With much pain the old sport pulled a roll of bills from under his pillow, peeled off a five and pushed it over on a stand at the head of the bed.

The friend laughed, fished a cart-wheel dollar out of his pants and laid it on the five on the stand with the medicine-bottles

"I 'll show you, you goddam, cheerful, mouse-colored ass," said the sport.

And with that, the sick man rolled over on his right side.

In three minutes he was dead—dead as a salt mackerel.

But as he gave his last gasp, his lips moved

as if trying to say, " What did I tell you! " And a half-smile of triumph came to his glazed eyes, and his hand moved convulsively toward the six dollars on the table

Then all was still.

They buried him the next day, with the half-smile of success still on his face.

Instead of a bouquet in his hand, or a brickbat—he being of Celtic origin—they placed the six dollars on his breast, the silver dollar on top of the five.

The undertaker exchanged the six dollars for a Confederate ten-dollar bill just before he screwed down the lid.

And far across the moor, on the rim of the night-tide, a cuckoo called plaintively to his mate, " Cuckoo! Cuckoo! "

How is it with your backyard? Have you planted any flowers there?

HIS REGRET

AN old lumberman stood on the bank and watched his son go out on the boom to break a log jam. "He 's a clever boy," said the old man, "but one thing I regret —if he does n't hit it right the first time he 'll never get back on shore where I can lick him for his foolishness."

SQUIRRELICITY

AN East Aurora farmer went into Buffalo, and while there celebrated a bit as farmers sometimes do when they go to town. ¶ This farmer-man wandered into the Silver-Dollar Saloon, and as he entered, he saw an electric fan on one end of the bar—one of those small brass things that whirl

Our friend gazed at the whirling fan and it seemed to fascinate him He stood stockstill and looked at it as if hypnotized.

" What shall it be? " asked the bartender.

" Jus' a moment, my fren', don't get in a rush—I 'll tell you all right in a minute "

Still, he stood and stared, swaying slightly to right and left.

Five minutes went by, and the farmer took out a big silver watch and looked at it with lack-lustre eye, holding it in his hand.

" Well, if you don't want anything, you better take a walk," said the bartender.

" Don't get excited, neighbor," said the farmer, " I 'm tryin' to find out how long that dam squirrel can keep 'er a-goin' without gettin' tired."

Life consists in moulting one's illusions.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Martian Tourist (entering the Great Bazaar of Ideas and looking around at the display of Kingdoms of Heaven): You don't seem to have just what I 'm looking for. I want to buy a Zion for the people back home. ¶ *Angel-Salesman* (tartly): Take the elevator down to New York!

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THAT LAUNDRY BUNCH

YOU see it was this way: The National Laundrymen's Association met at East Aurora. It was a delightful company of charming ladies and gentlemen. ¶ We spent the day profitably with a little music, interspersed with fun and frivols. The special train that took my friends

back to Buffalo left at five-fourteen. It was five-twelve when I saw two ladies come out of the Roycroft Chapel and hasten down the street toward the station

Their arms were full of Roycroft books, and in the kindness of my heart I called to them and said, "Just jump into this automobile here, and I will have my chauffeur take you down, otherwise you may miss the train!"

The two ladies said, "Oh, we 'd just as leave walk, you know," but they climbed into the automobile, just the same, and I took a seat between them.

Bert, the chauffeur, seemed to be having trouble with the self-starter, and so to relieve the anxiety of the ladies, I recited a couple of stanzas from Omar Khayyam. Then I explained the beauties of the Artistic Life.

Meanwhile, Bert had given up the self-

starter and was out cranking up. But nottings diddings, as we say in Potsdam.

¶ Bert lifted up one side of the hood, and looked into the viscera.

Then he went around to the other side and took a look in from that point of view. In the meanwhile the train had pulled in and was due to start.

I tried to be calm, and was talking of one thing and thinking of another.

¶ One of the ladies started to get out.

¶ She said: "I am a married woman, and my husband is on that train, and I just have got to catch it. I can never explain to him. We have a dinner and a theater-party afterward."

"You 'll catch it if you do, and if you don't," I said in merry, heartless jest.

¶ I urged her to remain and said, "The automobile is all right now," but it was n't for Bert was getting out a crowbar, a monkeywrench, a cold chisel and a sledge.

¶ In the meantime I heard the train start.

" Never mind, we will catch it at Jamison Road. This machine can easily hit it up sixty miles an hour. We will wait for the train at the next station."

But we did n't, because, forsooth, we did n't get started.

Be it known that we have six different makes of automobiles at the Roycroft Shops, so this is not a reflection on any one of them. I am not writing an advertisement

The two ladies got out and walked into the Inn, and had dinner at my expense. Then I had to send them to Buffalo in the auto at my expense, for the obdurate machine relented about the time the ladies took their seats at the table

The whole affair was to me tragic

Nevertheless, in the *Laundrymen's Journal* I find this item:

"Mr. Hubbard is one of the most persistent jokers in the world. When our Association met at East Aurora, the Fra slipped a sly wink at his chauffeur and invited two ladies to ride with him to the station.

"Of course, both of these ladies missed the train. Hubbard was only excused by the irate husbands on account of his age."

SHE AROUSED HIS INTEREST

THE Reverend Sidney Smith was once riding with the Duchess of Devonshire in a carriage They passed by a stream and saw at some little distance from the road a lot of youngsters in swimming.

"Is n't it terrible!" said the Duchess. "Is n't it terrible! Just see those naked boys!"

Sidney adjusted his monocle and gazed hard and long. Then he said: "Ah now, really, I see they are boys, for sure. I had n't noticed before whether they were boys or girls."

And far away across the moor, a cuckoo called to his mate: Time!!

POET-AT-LARGE

FIVE years ago there was at East Aurora one Harry Kemp—poet-at-large—who has been in the public eye considerably of late.

¶ Not being in special need of poetry at the time, we sent Harry Kemp up to the Roycroft woods, where the boys were getting out logs to build a log house.

¶ It came along January and we had weather that sent the thermometer down to fifteen below Winnipeg. The boys

worked in the woods, however, with no special discomfort.

One of the drivers from the village was always complaining of the cold. Every little while he would make a strike for the cabin, where a big, roaring fire sent the sparks joyfully up the chimney ❧ This man would warm his hands and feet and discuss the climate and compare the weather with the great snow that occurred in Eighteen Hundred Forty-seven.

Then it was that Harry Kemp and Ali Babà devised a little scheme to give this particular man a shock, that is to say, a life-lesson—something he would remember—something that would stop introspection and reminiscence ❧ ❧ The thermometer was at exactly zero. The snow was two feet on the level, and there came a blizzard that filled the air as if the old woman were picking her geese ❧ ❧

Harry Kemp saw the old farmer coming, driving his team toward the cabin. Harry, who was head cook, hastily disrobed ❧ Just before the farmer reached the cabin, the poet burst joyfully out of the door, clad in his altogether, singing *In Maytime*. He rolled in the snow, circled around the wagon, in which sat the old farmer, and started to jump in over the tailgate ❧ ❧

The farmer gave one stare, and laid whip to his horses. He disappeared down over the hill, still using the accelerator. The team ran for home, five miles away, and the farmer was laid up with a nervous fit, which lasted three weeks. Harry had the fun of the laugh, but he paid for it, because he was compelled to nurse the man until he recovered. And the old farmer never knew that his nurse and the "ghost" were one and the same person ❧ ❧

PAID IN FULL

Man (just dead, but whose Soul swaggers up to the Bureau of Metempsychosis in the Infinite): I—I was the father of thirty children!

Karma (grabbing his Soul and ramming it into the body of a rabbit): Paid in full! Next!

❧ ❧ ❧

ALL ABOARD

O you remember," asked an Erie Division Superintendent the other day, "when two passenger trains met, head on, out in Indiana, last year? The engineer of one of those trains had in his pocket an order to take the sidetrack at a certain station. He ran by that station at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and in five minutes there was a crash that snuffed out

fifty-four lives and two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property.

"I knew the engineer. Let us call him Hank Bristol, for that was n't his name. He was married to a smashing, dashing, beautiful creature, and they boarded at a hotel—had no children. I boarded there, too, and we all made eyes at Hank's handsome wife. She used to play the piano and sing a little, and recite. The love of one plain, honest man was not enough for her—she craved the admiration of the clever. She was n't a bad woman—just an idle one, who spent every spare cent Hank made, on finery, and, of course, wanted the finery and herself admired.

"Hank was proud of her, too. One evening he kissed the dear creature good-bye and started out to make a night run. He went to the roundhouse, and at the last moment the Ol' Man decided to send Hank back and let him take out a special

carrying the President and Directors of the road, in the morning ❧ Hank was tickled—it was a great compliment to him. He went home to tell his wife—he used to tell her everything.

"But when he got home, she was n't there—she had gone to the theatre with a boot and shoe drummer.

"Hank went away and walked the streets all night—his wife never knew, and I believe she does n't yet. He walked the streets all night, and ran out the special in the morning.

"But after that he was never the same. He used to confide in me—he just had to tell some one to keep his heart from bursting ❧ ❧

"He grew absent-minded, lost flesh, appetite gone, was nervous—the doctor said he should quit coffee and cut out half the tobacco ❧ ❧

"I knew what was the matter—he was

jealous. I told him so—and he laughed a laugh that gave me goose-flesh. ' I jealous? Why, Bill, you don't know me—I jealous? The idea! No, I 'm only mad at myself, Bill, because I 'm married to a damned fool of a woman, who makes my heart eat itself out with grief because she lives on the fringe of folly. Why don't I leave her! My God! Bill, that is the trouble —I can't—I love her! ' "

" Hank did n't work on our road or I 'd never have let him touch a throttle-valve, even if he 'd been my brother. I knew it would come. He was found under his engine, the order that he had disobeyed in his pocket, and a picture in his watch of the woman who caused the disaster. No, it probably has never dawned upon this woman that she caused the wreck. She wore deep mourning, and the cutest little black bonnet with a white ruche. She was the most fetching widow you

ever saw—and she knew it. ¶ "Yes, that is what I said—marital infelicity causes the railroad wrecks and most others, too. "The only safe man is one whose heart is at rest—who has a home, and a wife who stays there and minds her own business, looks after the babies, has no secrets, and does not make eyes at other men—that 's the kind! I know every man that works for me, and I know a disturbed, distressed and jealous man a train-length away. My heart bleeds for 'em, but I serve the public and none such can run an engine for me.

"Do you see that man in the blue overalls down there at the end of the platform? Well, he is the engineer who will take out this train. See how calm, satisfied and self-possessed he is; he has no cares, no anxieties beyond the desire to do his work well. See him now walking around his engine, lovingly looking it over. He

is not so awfully brilliant, but he will never disappoint you ❧ Now, when we start, about two miles out, you will hear the engine give three soft toots, and over to the left, a little woman will come out of a white cottage and wave her apron!"

¶ The conductor called "All aboard!" The bell clanged warningly, we stepped into the coach and the train started. We had reached the outskirts of the town and were skimming along at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The engine gave three short, soft whistles. I saw the white cottage, a woman standing on the back porch with children holding on to her skirts all 'round—she was waving a big check apron!

"What did I tell you?" asked the Superintendent—"that man 's heart is at rest—he will never forget an order—he is safe—his mind is free, so he does his work! He is at peace with himself and at peace with

the world. You can always trust a man who honestly loves and is honestly loved. Penelope is preferable to either Phryne or Phyllis."

MY, MY, MY!

A LADY stepped from the Limited Express at a side station, on a special stop order. To the only man in sight she asked:

"When is the train for Madison due here, please?"

"The train went an hour ago, ma'am; the next one is tomorrow at eight o'clock."

¶ The lady in perplexity then asked:

"Where is the nearest hotel?"

"There is no hotel here at all," replied the man.

"But what shall I do?" asked the lady. "Where shall I spend the night?"

"I guess you 'll have to stay all night

with the station agent," was the reply ❧ "Sir!" flashed up the lady, "I 'd have you know I 'm a lady."

"Well," said the man as he strode off, "so is the station agent."

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ETYMOLOGISTS, ATTENTION!

A PROFESSOR in the University of Chicago writes me saying that he can not find the word Titath in the dictionary, and asks its meaning ❧ ❧

My friend seems unfamiliar with the laws of mutation, eduction, elision and philogenesis, recognized by etymologists in tracing the origin of words.

Climatic conditions, hereditary habits and theological training cause variations in the structure of the articulatory organs, so that sibilants and dentals are very fre-

quently grosscupped, and thus we get a word that is a vocal gillflirt, a freemartin or a ridgeling.

The Bible illustration of, " Say now Shibboleth," when the bumerinski one could only say " Sibboleth," shows the interchangeability of s and sh.

Sibboleth or tibboleth is just as good a word etymologically as shibboleth.

In these interchanges it often takes many years for the modified Elihuroot to break its way into the dictionary with a pedagogic jimmy. But what is the dictionary, after all, that any facile and fecund writer should be thus cabined, cribbed, confined?

¶ When the great and good Walt wanted a word of forty-four caliber, and there was nothing in stock but boys' sizes, he grabbed his quill and scratched one into shape ❧ The day seems to have passed when Tama Jim linguists must enforce poorfud stamps on word-packages.

There was a time when a word must have been sired by Noah Webster and damned by a New England schoolma'am before it was given a chance to stand up and nibilusculate. But today it is not only permissible in polite society, but is also sometimes imperative to alter the ortho-epic garb and fit it with Jumos.

My inquirer should not have relied upon his dictionary, but upon history ❧ He could easily have found that the whole Arth family are offshoots of the ancient tribe of Sunzebees that flourished in Persia long before the Christian era, and later permeated every nation with episcopopagy ❧ ❧

Nero stands out in history as one of the most remarkable individuals of this ancient and honorable tribe. In modern days we have—but what 's the use of exciting jealousy by naming names? In Persia the two parent branches were the

Zhakaths and the Titaths, and both have preserved their identity through the ages. The Sunzebees in this country are not infrequently confused with the second of the two branches of the Geedee Essbees. There is, however, a radical, difference, the latter being much more virile, inventive and radio-active than their cousins. A majority of the United States Senate, the Philadelphia Club, and a portion of the New York and Illinois State Legislatures belong to this great secret order of Titaths crossed with the Sooners ❧ The tribe has so increased politically as to be a menace to popular government, and to honest business advancement. If my correspondent will examine closely he will find both classes, even in his own profession, and by comparison with noted contemporaneous public types, need have no further trouble in understanding the terminology and locating the genus.

HE TOOK THE COUNT

OU evidently do not know who I am," said the bumptious colored person.

"Yes, I do—you are a plain chocolate-colored coon, boss—hike!"

"Yaas, boss, all right, I 'se a coon, all right, all right, but I want you fer to know I is de Coon of Coon, Loeb & Co.—now will you be good!"

THE RAM LAMB

SUALLY when I travel I take my secretary with me. Male persuasion—name, Jumbo for short—weighs two-forty in the shade. The idea of a man as big as a house dealing in pothooks! Lucky his salary is not figured by the pound.

But Jumbo is proud of his profession. He

says anybody can dictate, but only a precious few can "take."

I think he has a sort of pity for me because I can't read his notes. When even he can't, all the time!

Why, I've dictated to that chap on the train until he went to sleep.

When we get to a town he punishes the Underwood.

He does n't enjoy it—he never sees the town, he says.

And then people call him the Ram-Lamb, and that makes him peevish.

That Ram-Lamb guff, you know, came from an absurd story about a colored preacher who was caught hugging one of the young sisters behind the church-door

And you know our colored friends are very, very punctilious about these little things. So they "churched" the parson, just like white folks.

When it came to the trial the parson cited Scripture to prove that the Master himself took the lambs of His flock in His arms.

This got the Committee guessing. They retired to consult, and came back with a Resolution, to wit—also, too-whoo: "Resolved, that hereafter, when our beloved pasture takes a lamb to his bosom, that he pick a ram-lamb."

I was so silly as to tell this story at a Roycroft prayer-meeting, and since then Jumbo has been called the R. L.

A BEAR STORY

ERE is a story told of a Pullman-car porter who, having a lay-over at Gardiner, took a little journey through Yellowstone Park

He was warned that if he met a bear,

safety lay in doing exactly what the bear did. So one day George met Colonel Bruin on a narrow path in a dreary wood ❧
The bear stopped and George stopped.
¶ The bear pawed twice with his left paw ❧ ❧
George pawed also.
The bear pawed three times with his right paw ❧ ❧
George did the same.
The bear sat up on end.
George sat up.
They looked at each other.
The bear scratched his nose.
George scratched his.
Then the bear got down on all fours.
George got down on all fours also.
The bear took one step forward and said "Woof!"
George took one step forward and also said "Woof!"
The bear then took four steps over to

the right under a big tree. ¶ But what 's the use—it 's only a fool story anyway, and not worth the telling.

❧ ❧ ❧

BABA ORPHICS

TALKING about stories, there are only six original stories in the world, and four of these are unfit for ladies' ears ❧ These yarns all go back to Rameses II, but Flinn of Atlanta has classified them in groups, claiming that each of these stories represents a period in man's development ❧ There is the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian, the Barbaric and the Composite. Most of Baba's stories are pure Barbaric. ¶ The supper did n't cost us anything—all paid for by John R. Hegeman of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and a man who said he was a son of John Rockefeller. Ali Baba said he did n't care

whose son he was, so long as he paid the bill. Then Colonel Parker Sercombe ordered up a few things & Baba told another story about a shiveree. This made everybody laugh more than ever. We did n't leave the restaurant until the landlord came in and said we had to. It was a quarter of one in the morning. Baba said it was n't worth while to turn in, so we just laid down, taking off our boots ❧ Baba tried to blow out the electric light, but could n't, so he hit the glass a jolt with his boot, and that fixed it all right.

¶ This was the first time Baba was ever out of Erie County. We had planned to go to the Waldorf-Astoria and get a room, then get our meals at a restaurant in Broadway, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Childs, as some one on the train told Baba that Mrs. Childs was the best cook in New York City.

We took our meals with Mother Childs

all right, but we did n't stop at the Waldorf-Astoria.

The first thing when we entered the Waldorf Tavern, a nigger made a dive for Ali Baba's carpet bag. But Baba got on to him and got in a stiff kick on the fellow's shins, all the time clinging to the carpet bag that had " A. B." worked in red worsted on the side.

Baba was in three-quarters levant and looked perfectly respectable, even if he was in shirt sleeves.

The clerk sized us up and swore the rooms were all full. Baba said we could double up with some of the boarders, as By Allen has his customers do, but it was no go.

¶ We then went to the Murray Hill, the clerk of which is a Life Member. He was awful glad to see us. He gave us each a room with a bath-room between, and told the chamber-maid to put in a couple of Turkish towels for Ali Baba. Baba

thanked him, and put the towels in his carpet bag to take home to the folks ❧ That afternoon a note arrived from Mr. Boldt, who owns the Waldorf, saying he was awful sorry his hired man did not recognize us, and he wanted us to come back and he would find a nice room for us, and it would cost us nothing.

Ali Baba told the nigger that brought the note to go to hell.

Bill Graham of Blue Point was there and nearly broke me up by laughing in the wrong place. Also Gabby-Jack, whose other name is Nose-worthy—a fellow who can ask more fool questions in a minute than a wise man can answer in a year ❧ Baba came very near landing him one.

¶ Here are a few orphics that Baba threw off in New York, while riding from the Battery to Union Square in a car: A square tower of bricks is as beautiful as a square tower of bricks.

All is not beautiful that aspires high.
A gorgeous entrance over-dazzles a multitude of shams.
When the front of a structure is as the wall, the wall would do as the front.
In all this dazzle of brick a man must think in squares and oblongs.
Methinks the oblongs are of the long-green variety.
The honest craftsman loves what is green in nature.
The New York craftsman delights in the other green.
New York is machine-made.
I hear it is run by a machine.
One machine can do the work of fifty ordinary men.
No machine can do the work of one extraordinary man.
There seems to be more family dispersements than family gatherings in the higher planes of New York.

A man who has the care of many clothes nurses few ideas.

I see many in New York whose genius is in the crease of their trousers.

Though a man's shirt is clean, he may not uncover it except within four sheltering walls.

It were better for New York society if the same held as to the uncovering of their thoughts.

A millionaire in a flannel shirt is eccentric.

¶ His employee in the same garb is intolerably common.

A woman who covers her shoulders with a shawl is dowdy.

The woman who uncovers her shoulders is stylish.

The way for a millionaire to summon his family is to die and have his will read.

¶ I see too many children who seemingly have no desire to soil their clothes.

A healthy child loves to wallow.

New Yorkers would have more ideas if they did not spend so much time milking one dry.

A dry idea leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

¶ Mental bromo-seltzer should have a tremendous sale in New York.

There is more of the jangle than the jingle to the New York wedding bells.

Beware of the woman who would make you valet to her dog.

The soul of a man who promenades on Fifth Avenue should transmigrate to a linnet

The woman who walks kangaroo style deserves more sympathy than the cripple.

¶ Beware of mental curvature.

Life is a dangerous business—few get out of it alive.

In Heaven there are no kickers. In Hell there is none else. That is the difference between Heaven and Hell.

Dowie and me make the world better—

we shake the brush-piles and start the rabbits ❧ ❧

Parkhurst writes a letter to the newspapers, telling how grieved he is because Dowie is a fakir. Dowie says that Parkhurst is a mangy, hypocritical, theological cur. Dr. Buckley denounces both. All tell the truth—about each other.

In New York, politics and religion should not be mixed—it would be awful hard on the politics.

❧ ❧ ❧

HUBBY WAS SUSPICIOUS

THE scene is the wife's dressing-room. The husband stands in the center of the apartment, with thunder written on his brow. He is in evening dress, pulling on his gloves, viciously ❧ ❧

The wife is evidently one of those fair

ones who keeps everybody waiting. Her back is toward us, and she is looking into a mirror which reveals her countenance. She has a powder-puff in her hand and is applying this puff to her pretty face with a saucy deliberation which adds to the exasperation of her husband. Her hair is done up according to Act of Congress; her nose is retrousse; her pose reveals the slow and silent contempt of a woman who has been told that she is it until she believes it.

There she stands on tiptoe, back toward us, her mug close to the mirror.

The strange part is her costume. Compared with her, Eve in the Garden of Eden was overdressed. This lady wears only her half-smile of contempt. Beyond this she resembles one of Correggio's cherubs—only the putti of the old masters always reveal the mark of the man-child.

¶ But that is a mere matter of detail

There she stands, in primrose dalliance, powdering her dimpled cheeks.

As her husband, clothed and in his right mind, pulls on his yellow gloves he voices a remark, does this jealous husband. And here is what he says, "Terese—you are—you are concealing something from me!"

¶ And outside the night winds sigh piteously; the rain-drops fall with incessant patter from the tearful eaves; the clatter of traffic is hushed to a faint roar as the day dies; and from across the moor the loon calls plaintively to his mate on the rise of the night-tide—"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" and then all is still—or partially so!

❧ ❧ ❧

Most of our troubles come through venturing into dangerous places ❧ If you hadn't gone too close, how could the monkey have grabbed your millinery and made you a laughing-stock for fools?

TABLEAUX

HE Hon. William Jones ambled into Smith's in Cleveland the other day, and planked himself into a seat.

"Good evening," said the genial waiter, bustling up and rubbing his hands, "I have devilled kidneys, calves' liver, codfish balls and pigs' feet."

"What the dooce are your troubles to me," growled the legal light; "I came here to eat!"

❧ ❧ ❧

"HALF INJUN, HALF ENGINEER"

OT long ago I lectured at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania ❧ I arrived in town about noon, and after lunch was rubbering around through the Capitol—the new and much advertised Capitol—when I met my old

friend, Speaker Cox. The Legislature was in session, and the Speaker invited me to address the House.

I really had n't anything to say, and so explained to Brother Cox of the Wox, but he said that was no reason why one should not talk. " If the rule were held that no one should speak until he had a message it would be the death of oratory," said Cox.

I wanted to speak in that most beautiful room, anyway, and my excuse was merely polite guff and bluff, for I am always more or less polite. So I accepted the invitation and agitated the ether for twenty minutes. I held, if you please, the undivided attention of the House. The audience was not exactly enthralled, but it was intelligent and kindly.

I congratulated the members on the fact that, though the grafters grafted, they yet did not take it all. The Capitol is still

superb, and the work of George Grey Barnard, not to mention the work of the men with brush and pallette, lends to the place a nobility and distinction attained by no other building in America.

All of which happens to be true. Then I told an apropos story of a preacher who illustrated a point thus: "Our natures are fallen and depraved. We are like wild crab-apple trees—prickly, sour and deformed. But the skilled gardener can graft upon the crab-apple stalk a branch that will bear rich and luscious fruit ... "This branch is the Divine Spirit, and God, Himself, is the great all-wise and all-loving Grafter."

Here the preacher's audience snickered. Mine did n't—by their looks they were calling for the snickersnee.

Next I told of a woman in Reading who was admitted into a Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, because her

great-grandfather fought with Washington. He was a Hessian. This seemed to fall flat, too.

I closed amid an impressive silence.

The House resumed its duties, and I sat by the Speaker, looking on as the bunch made laws.

Brother Cox leaned over while the gentleman from Bucks was making it plain, and said, "Your speech was all right—all right—'er—you will not mind—all but that story about grafting. You know we do not like the word. Not that I, myself, care, but some of the boys are a little sensitive. Then the other story about the woman whose ancestor was a Hessian, well her husband is one of our members—he sits right down there in front."

I moved the previous question and retired.

¶ After the lecture that night I was entertained at the Engineers' Club, and met as fine and brainy a lot of young fellows as I

ever saw in my life—mostly employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Steel Company. I was called upon to speak and responded in my usual graceful manner.

¶ I began by saying, "This happy occasion reminds me of an incident that occurred on the Union Pacific Railroad, some years ago. You know how the Indians at certain points in the West gather around the trains when they stop, and sell beads and pottery. Well, once a lady passenger saw a very bright little boy, who looked a bit different, among the papooses there on the station platform. She called the little fellow over, gave him five cents, and said, 'Sonny, are you an Indian?'

"And the little fellow responded, 'Me half Injun and half Engineer!'"

There was a tremendous shout of applause.

¶ Several men actually fell off their chairs and rolled on the floor.

When I had concluded my speech and sat

down, I asked the Toastmaster this question, " Is it possible that no one ever heard that story before? "

" My boy," was the answer, " every one who comes here tells that story, and if he fails to, I tell it myself. It is boiler-plate electro with us. We laugh because we feel it is our duty."

I left Harrisburg on the Midnight Limited ❧ As I turned in my key at the Commonwealth Hotel, I saw I had room Twenty-three, and then I also recalled that it was Friday, and the Thirteenth day of the month.

The next time I go to Harrisburg I 'll take my rabbit foot.

❧ ❧ ❧

" You called me just in time," exclaimed the honest doctor in suppressed excitement. " Had you delayed an hour longer the man would have been well."

QUID PRO QUO

OU will admit that doctors sometimes make mistakes, won't you?" suggested the cross-examiner.

"Oh, yes; the same as lawyers," was the cool reply of the medico.

"And doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under the ground?"

"Yes, that 's right, too," said the other; "and the lawyers' mistakes often swing in the air. How does that strike you, you bottle-nosed old shyster?"

MONSIEUR D' EVIL

ATAN was once a man. Later, he evolved into a God and dwelt in Paradise. There must have been a time when he was worthy of trust and affection otherwise

the Almighty would never have allowed him to enter Heaven.

But Satan was of a peculiar disposition. He had the "artistic temperament," which is to say he was moody, irritable, fault-finding, and a good deal of the time idle. Instead of trying to remedy the weak points of Paradise, he merely pointed them out and harangued about them to all who would listen.

And Satan still finds mischief for idle hands to do. It was the same then—Satan would neither tune harps, launder the robes, nor polish the pavement, which was made of gold & precious stones ❧ It took a lot of labor and a deal of skill to set these paving stones, but while the workers were at it Satan would sit on the curb and make sport of them. When the Almighty came around to see how things were getting along, Satan would whisper unkind things about Him, after

He had passed, and kick about how severe He was in discipline.

The Almighty warned Satan from time to time to get busy, but his answer was "I am!"

"Sure enough," replied the Almighty, "but at the wrong thing."

They tried to get Satan to lead the Choral Society and break in the new arrivals, some of whom sang slightly off-key ❧

"I teach those jays? Why they have no voice—they only have a disease. You should never have let them in—what this place needs is a new gate keeper who has nerve with him, and can direct the wrong applicant where to go! No, I 'll not lead your orchestra; and anyway, I am drilling a little class of my own and have no time: I am organizing an Anvil Chorus."

It was no use—Satan would not do what he was told. He always knew a better

way, and he sneered at every plan for a heavenly betterment that he did not himself suggest. And he suggested precious few, and these he could not carry out ❧ There was only one thing that interested him and that was the Anvil Chorus. When the saints sang Hallelujahs, Satan would start up his favorite instrument and pound. He was n't industrious in anything but knocking ❧ ❧

Finally he had gotten so many people believing that the anvil was really sweeter than the harp that the Almighty lost patience ❧ ❧

And when it was discovered that Satan had started a factory to make hammer handles, the Almighty decided to fire him bodily.

So the word was passed along, and the saints, quietly tucked their robes in their belts and made a rush for Mister Satan and his band of Knockers.

It was soon over. Satan was shot out of Heaven like a rubber ball from a wooden cannon ❧ ❧

Milton says he fell for two weeks.

When he finally reached earth he called himself the D' Evil, and boasted of being a prince—a dispossessed prince.

He would never have been so proud if the theologians had not paid him so much attention. The preachers, while publicly warning their flocks to shun him, were secretly hobnobbing with him a good deal of the time.

Then the playwrights and poets admired him and secretly affected him, and wove him into literature, and all this tended to turn his head.

But now the preachers, for the most part, have denied him, and literature has cut his acquaintance ❧ He is no longer popular. Where he is and what he does is nothing to us.

The Devil is a dead one.
MORAL: An idle god evolves into a devil.

❧ ❧ ❧

FRUCTIFUSI-FUSS—NIX!

MY dear old Cincinnatus coadjutor, Farmer Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, is the Genuine Goods. Recently he called in the architect of the new agricultural building and a conversation followed, thus: "Goddard, what is the meaning of that word, 'Fructus' which you have carved out there on a pillar?"

"Why, Mr. Secretary," said Goddard, "that means fruit."

"Oh, does it! And you pay by the letter for that carving?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Well, why not carve the word fruit, instead of fructifusifuss?"

"Oh, but that is not classic!"
"But it is understood!"
"Certainly."
"Well, I now request you to cut out—to-wit: the words Fructus, Cereales, Forestes, Flores, and instead carve the words Fruits, Grains, Woods and Flowers, in their place. That is all at this time!" And Farmer Wilson went out to gather the eggs and drive the ducks to water.

IT SLIPPED OUT

YOU do not change a man's nature by reversing his haberdashery. ¶ I was walking behind a priest on State Street in Albany one day last winter. ¶ The walk was icy. Suddenly the man of God began to claw the air. I noted his struggles and knew he would soon sit him down and hard. ¶ You know what a lot of thinking you

can do in a fraction of a second. Well, I was laying bets with my psychic self as to what he would say when his cosmos hit the pave.

He struck all right, and what do you think he said?

Why, he said exactly what you would have said. The fall dislodged all his piety, and his humanity was expressed in an expletive that need not here be repeated.

❧ ❧ ❧

USUAL DISCOUNT

KY, aged seven, was speaking a piece at school and the piece was, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. Iky gave it all right except the line that ran, "Down into the valley rode the six hundred." Iky gave it thus: "Down into the valley rode the five-forty."

"Why, Iky," said the teacher, "that isn't five-forty, it is six hundred; now read it again, and read it as you should."

¶ And so Iky again read with a very defiant look on his face, "Down into the valley rode the five-forty."

And the teacher said, "Iky, why don't you read it as I told you?"

And Iky said, "I give you six hundred with ten per cent off—take that, or you and I can't do business together!"

TRIP TO NORTH POLE

ON board the steamer Hans Off, Upthestik, Greenland, via Ceylon

After a prolonged fight against frost and teetotalism, I have at last succeeded in reaching the North Pole, or as the Esquimaux call it, the Big Nail. Land has

been discovered upon which rest the earth's northernmost rocks. A triangle of thirty thousand square miles has been allocated in the terrestrial unknown waiting for new settlers to come in. We had made Upthestik our headquarters ❧ Here the inhabitants wished us every success and urged us strongly to lose no time whatever in starting for the North Pole.

On the last day of October, Nineteen Hundred Seven, the expedition left on its journey.

The expedition consisted of myself in command. I also took charge of the dogs.

¶ P. T. Boffin, geographer. After whom, by the way, Boffin Bay was christened ❧

Mackenzie, astronomer.

Johnson, biologist.

Jones, hypnotist.

Smith, chef-ologist.

Martin, photographer and transport officer ❧ ❧

A party of Esquimaux, including the renowned blubber-hunters, Eslungishook, Ewasacoffdrop, Damfino, Donmindifido, Whatdoyounoaboutthat and Thatsenuffthanky.

Also, a party of young Esquimaux girls as cooks, etc., Ahottun, Ahwoodyu, Upeachie, Ahdontnow and several others whose names I have forgotten.

One hundred and three dogs.

On the Fifteenth of January we reached Annatookit. The cold was intense.

On the Twentieth of January we reached Didshe. The cold was intense.

On the First of February, Johnson reported seeing the aurora borealis. He had been drinking rather heavily.

I stopped Johnson's rations of liquor.

Our food consisted of frozen meat which the Esquimaux called Pemmichook, and in the liquid line we had their native beverage, aquafortisk, which, for convenience

in sledage, we cut up into cubes, it being frozen solid. Six cubes went to the glass.

¶ On the Tenth of February we entered the Arctic zone. There was nothing to pay.

¶ The temperature fell to eighty-three degrees Centipede.

We had along a few hot numbers of THE PHILISTINE to use in case of emergency. I now got these out and read some Warm Ones ❧ ❧

The temperature rose to an angle of forty-five degrees ❧ In the Eighty-seventh parallel the cold was intense. We were in tents also.

The only way we could keep warm was by swallowing cubes, and reading THE PHIL.

On the Thirteenth of February the food for the dogs failed.

The dogs have of late got very much attached to Mackenzie, the astronomer, and follow him about everywhere.

On the Fifteenth of February we entered the Eighty-eighth parallel. The cold was intense ❧ ❧

Here we came across some polar bears and brass monkeys ❧ They were completely frozen off the latter.

On the First of March we entered the Eighty-ninth parallel. The cold was intense ❧ ❧

We were now beyond the range of all life—no bears, no bulls, no seals, no nothing. Even the microscopic creatures of the deep were not to be seen.

The snow was a pure white and the pack-ice was full of sawdust.

Under the lash of duty, with a mouthful of cubes, we spurred on to the goal which Davis, Hudson, Parry, Kane, Nares, Nansen and the Duke of Ahbrutesie had vainly striven for.

Fifth of March. Several of the Esquimaux are sick. The cold is intense.

Tenth March. We are now less than a hundred miles from the boreal nadir ❧ Today we advanced nineteen miles.

At times we see strange things—dancing horizons, icebergs turned topsy-turvy, shifting mirages, even the stars seemed to play leapfrog. Queer objects of assorted colors rose and fell in shrouds of mystery. All this is due to the atmospheric magic of the midnight sun.

Fifteenth March. Our chef-ologist reports that a can of cubes has been looted.

Seventeenth March. Slowly but surely we are reaching the turning-point of the world. The cold is intense.

On the Twenty-ninth of March our first corrected altitude of the sun gave eighty-nine degrees, fifty-nine minutes, forty-six seconds, and a bit.

The Pole therefore was in sight. That night I turned loose the cubes and made all the members of the party as drunk

as boiled owls. Then I pushed on ahead myself ❧ ❧

As the sun rose on the First of April, Nineteen Hundred Seven, I found myself leaning gracefully against the Pole. At noon the rest of the party arrived, just as I had finished carving my initials ❧

"This is it," I said.

They were amazed and raised three cheers. I then, with the ceremony befitting such an historic occasion, nailed the Canadian flag to the Pole and passed around the cubes ❧ ❧

After another round of cheers we caught the last car and returned home. On the way back we passed Cook plodding Northward. He waved his hand.

❧ ❧ ❧

The manner in which a man lies about a fact may be more interesting than the fact itself.

"ANENT"

O Ongeline: Your nimbus is not on straight when you wish me to endorse the use of the word "anent." The expression is used only by cub reporters, sophomore essayists, and editors who have a patent inside. In writing it is best to use the words you use in conversation, and no live man ever said "anent" to his girl any more than he would write to her and say "thanking you in advance."

MY FRIEND, THE HANGMAN

OING down to New York from Albany on the Empire State Express the other day, I shared my seat with an intelligent Has-Was

He was a man of sixty, say, grizzled and

gray, but one glance told you he had lost his grip and was worshiping the god Terminus ❧ ❧

In other words, he was wearing his future for a bustle.

However, Time gives us all the solar-plexus wallop, and life is not only one dam thing after another. It is mostly a sparring for wind. Then at last, Destiny takes an emetic and throws up the sponge.

¶ None of us will get out of life alive ❧

These were the thoughts that swam rapidly in the vacuum I call my mind, as my new friend settled himself with a sigh and remarked, "It 's a nasty day!"

I assumed the Leigh Mitchell Hodges attitude and said cheerily, "Oh, it might be worse!"

"I don't see how," said my friend, as he heaved another Number Ten Sigh ❧

We had reached Sing Sing, and the frowning walls of that monastery where dwell

those who have taken the vow of chastity, poverty and obedience, were in sight.

" You can never stop murder by putting men in there," growled my friend.

" What 's that? " I asked.

" Harry Thaw should have been hanged, twenty years ago, and that would have stopped the fuss."

" Evidently you do not view the case from Harry's side."

" No, my business does not exactly allow that."

" And what is your business, may I ask? "

¶ " Me? Why, my name is John W. Hise."

" Oh! " I said, still in the dark; " I might have known! "

" Does your work keep you traveling much," I ventured, after a pause.

" It used to. Now there is almost nothing doing—it 's that elocuting job—a fool plan —it has knocked me cold! "

"Did you ever do any work in Buffalo?" I asked as a feeler.

"Oh, yes, when Grover Cleveland was Sheriff I helped him turn a couple of tricks."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and when he was President, I called on him at the White House in memory of old times. He was glad to see me, but a little cold."

"Just what was the service you rendered Grover Cleveland?" I asked.

"Me? Oh, just my professional work—I hanged a couple of men for him."

"You did what?"

"I jerked 'em to Jesus," and he made a quick circular motion with his hand, followed by an upward thrust of his thumb.

¶ "I have hanged sixty-nine men, and two women—I used to say 'hung,' but my daughter corrected me after she went to the Normal—seventy-one, in all

Since they invented the chair, I 've had to go back to carpentering."

"Don't you prefer carpentering?"

"Oh, I don't know—I used to get a hundred dollars each. No sheriff likes the job of snuffing out: they don't get enough practise. So they sent for me. I used to wear a high hat, and an overcoat with a fur collar, and was a perfect gent, if I do say it myself. I was sent for, clear from Keokuk, Iowa. Read the papers now, and see how there are murders every day almost anywhere. Nothing but plenty of hangings will stop that—public hangings. They teach the young a lesson. I 've put the necktie on just seventy and one more, and I cracked the necks of all but six. One fellow was a bit overweight, and I snapped his whole dam head off."

"Do you mind if I open the window—it seems a bit close in this car."

"Go ahead—and say, they arrested me

in New York the other day for spitting on the sidewalk—arrested me, you understand. I told the judge who I was, and he said it was lucky for me that the law did n't provide capital punishment for spitters, otherwise he would give me a taste of my own medicine. That is a nice way to talk to a man who has worked for his country as I have. This land is in a bad way."

I pushed the window clear up.

"You seem to like a heap of fresh air —I 'll just take that seat over there with the man with the low-cut collar. So long!"

¶ "So long, and good luck!" I said, in a forced, Leigh Mitchell Hodges voice.

❧ ❧ ❧

"Who giveth this woman away?" asked the clergyman.

And a man on the back seat said to himself, "I could, but I won't!"

SOME PSYCHOLOGY

HE other day I was standing near the cigar-stand in a certain restaurant in Boston. A gent came along, tipped his straw hat over one eye, and said, "Gimme a cigar." The biscuit-bazaar cashier passed out two boxes, adjusted her sausage puffs, and said, "These are ten cents, and these are two for a quarter." The gent looked at the cigars with critical eye, smelled of them, and took two for a quarter. He put one in his vest-pocket, and lighting the other walked away, puffing with a sweet sense of satisfaction, eyeing meditatively the while a symphony in brown with a peach-basket hat, who had just invested thirty cents in codfish balls and beans

"I had to do it—nothing else would

answer! I just had to," said the cashier to me, apologetically, just as if it was any of my affair.

"What did you have to do?" I asked.

¶ "Why! that gazabo wears a diamond on his right middle finger, and a hat-band that matches his tie. Now, a fellow like that buys cigars for two reasons: because he wants to smoke and because he wants to prove to me that he has the money. He judges things by the price.

"Those ten-centers are exactly the same cigars as the two-for-a-quarter. The Aleck with the shiner wants to spend a quarter to impress me. He also wants two cigars. I could have sold him one ten-cent cigar, and sent him away feeling small. I could have sold him one twenty-five-cent cigar, and this would have made me feel small—and he would never have come back. As it is, he is satisfied with his smoke, is pleased that he has one cigar over and

is sure he has made a mash on me. And he 'll be back! Say, what do you know about Sheldonism? "

I reached for a toothpick and told her ❧

❧ ❧ ❧

SOME PEDIGREE!

ERE'S one on Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Third, of Boston.

He 's really a good fellow, too, a graduate of Harvard, and President of the Class of Ninety-seven. Pity this lad Lloyd on account of his pedigree!

¶ Comparisons are always odorous, and many a good man has been smothered by having a mantle-piece fall on him. The Third Garrison usually expresses regret that his great ancestor never had Harvard advantages, otherwise the Third says that the First might really have been a great man.

This is probably libel. But here is the

story: The Third was waking the midnight echoes, needlessly, on Commonwealth Avenue, when a policeman collared him. "Let me go, say, let me go! You evidently don't know who I am!"
"Well, who are you?" asked the Cop.
"Why, I 'm the grandson of that statue over there!"
The Cop gave him one kick for luck and let him go.

NOT TRANSFERABLE

IN all countries the Marriage Certificate seems the especial property of the woman; and the man regards it with that mingled indifference and contempt that he does a mortgage held by the other fellow.
Among the Agrarian Population the Marriage Certificate is looked upon as possessing a peculiar potency.

A short time ago I noticed that when my good neighbor, Squire Gardner of East Aurora, displayed some blank Certificates in the window of his furniture-shop, lithographed in red and blue by the Buffalo Courier Company, several marriages were shortly celebrated in his back office that otherwise might have gone to the Reverend Dr. Wenthly or the Sure-enough clergyman. But I must not digress—for all I was going to say on this subject is that recently one of the Jewett farmhands married a buxom widow who lived at Busti. They drove over to East Aurora and were married by the Pastor of the Sadducees. The Pastor then filled out the Certificate which he gave, neatly tied up with a piece of white cotton tape, to the blushing and buxom bride

A week slipped by, as the weeks do, and the bride came back in tears that stood

like dewdrops on her pearly lashes. Seeing her great agitation the Pastor thought she must be Under Conviction or something. He sought to console her in his usual fatherly manner, but all in vain. Finally the bride of a week explained that she had lost her Certificate. She had sent it by her liege to Tackbary's to have it framed, so as to hang it over the head of the bed, according to the usual East Aurora custom, and now the man who had sworn to be true to her had either lost it out of his pocket or else being tired of his bargain had basely and purposely destroyed it. It was a calamity in either event

The Pastor heard the sad story and suggested that they take it to the Lord in Silent Prayer. This was so as to give the reverend gentleman time to decide upon what course to pursue. When they arose from their knees the Pastor, who is a

practical man in the world's affairs as well as a mystagogue and a sacrosanct, had thought out a plan which he proceeded to explain, after reviewing the possible dangers of the lost Certificate falling into wrong hands.

" I believe, ah—you have once before this entered the happy nuptial state—ah ? "

The widow acknowledged she had been married before, but quickly explained that her former husband was dead—very dead.

" Yes, I know," said the Pastor, " I think —I think I can arrange this unpleasant matter so as to fully meet all legal requirements," and he took from between the leaves of his dictionary a blank Marriage Certificate, filled it out and across the end of the document wrote with red ink in large letters the words, DUPLICATE —NOT TRANSFERABLE ❧ The bride took the Certificate and went away smiling triumphantly through her tears, while

the merry mating birds in the hawthorn hedges twittered gleefully, and on the vagrant winds that blew lazily across the perfumed fields where bees bumbled in the clover came the drowsy tinkle of sheep-bells and the faraway sound of the Four-o'Clock Train as it whistled for the crossing at Jamison Road.

❧ ❧ ❧

K. G.

IT 'S all right for a gent to wear garters, if he wants to.

I don't.

A lady gave me a pair of blue ones for a Christmas present. But the garters did n't work just right. I was giving a lecture at Tiffin, Ohio, and one of the beautiful blue things loosed its moorings ❧ The audience became more interested in the garter than in my eloquence. I retired for readjustment, and

then came on the stage again, but the atmosphere was aber nicht. Never again! ¶ I always think of it as the Night of the Garter.

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TWO GUINEAS

OF all the fool jokes ever played on me, this one is the end of the limit. It seems that one J. K. Turner, Jackanapes-in-Ordinary, and President Emeritus of the Tommyrot Club, was out to East Aurora on a little visit.

On his way into Buffalo in an auto he saw a gang of Italian laborers who had been working on the trolley-line. The swart and stubby ones had just been laid off. How Turner found this out I do not know, but he picked out two of the stubbiest, low-browed sons of sunny Italy and gave them a note to me, making them

understand that I would hire them at big wages ❧ ❧

So the remnant of Caesar's Tenth Legion arrived at The Roycroft Shop, and presented me Turner's letter, in person. The message read thus·

"Dear Fra:—I send you herewith two Guineas, and beg that you will enroll my name as a Life Member of the American Academy of Immortals, as advertised ❧

Yours sincerely,

J. K. Turner.

The two dusky ones stood, hats in hand, awaiting my bidding. I gave them each a half-dollar, and told them I had already engaged all the laborers I needed.

❧ ❧ ❧

An optimist is a neurotic person with goose-flesh and teeth a-chatter, trying to be brave.

CLERICAL WIT

THE Rev. Dr. Charles Townsend of Orange was one of the speakers at the Park Presbyterian Church Men's Club banquet last week and told this story of one of the troubles of the original ancestor:

"Adam had eaten the elaborate repast furnished by his helpmeet with every indication that he relished every morsel ❧ He complimented her upon the dainty manner in which the blue-points were served, the flavor of the puree of pea, the seasoning of the fish and entree, and finally reached a delicious salad. Adam paused, and with a worried look on his face he demanded of Eve where she found the ingredients. She enumerated all except the lettuce.

"'Where did you get those leaves?' he demanded.

"'Why, they were lying on a bush in the backyard,' she replied sweetly.

"'Well, they were my best Sunday trousers,' sobbed Adam, adding, 'Ah, woe is man,' which was corrupted into 'Woman,' the term by which we know Eve's daughters."—Newark *Star*.

The above is a fairish sample of clerical wit ❧ ❧

It is also valuable as a finger-post pointing the way, showing how the Bible account of Creation has been abandoned by Presbyterian Orthodoxy and has become ridiculous, silly and absurd even to those who profess to believe the Bible is an "inspired book." It further reveals the fact that although Orthodoxy is now using the Bible as a good joke, yet the preacher is still with us, smiling and unctuous ❧ ❧

You can never lose him! As long as honors and chicken-pie are to be given out he will be right with us.

But note you, these Men's Clubs of the Presbyterian Church are only possible by dressing the preacher as a clown and having him dance a jig on the Sacred Book ❧ ❧

The Men's Club is an alluring title—

strictly buck, it suggests the free and easy. The weekly smoker is fast taking the place of the old-time, weekly prayer-meeting, and the preacher who is a " good fellow " and can pass out a gamboge story with a Neuchatel flavor is everywhere popular

The morning offering will now be taken.

BALAAM'S VIS-A-VIS

IN San Francisco they still allow picketing. If the labor-unions do not like Bill Brown they put boards, lettered, " Do not trade here—Bill Brown is unfair! " on a burro, and then a man leads the burro back and forth all day long in front of Bill, His Studio

Laylander came along one day and saw the usual burro in front of a boycotted

place. He was filled with the injustice of trying to ruin a man's business, simply because you do not like his methods, and remonstrated with the non-productive party leading the burro up and down in front of the store.

The saucy man patted the descendant of Balaam's vis-a-vis on the Burnt Umber stripe that led from withers to tail, and grinning at Laylander said, "You may kiss him if you wish!"

And far away a-down the night-tide could be heard the cry of a lost loon calling for its mate—calling—calling!

HE RENIGGED

CATO committed suicide on the eve of victory. That was absurd in Cato—he should have waited and let Fate show her hand

The other day a blow-in arrived, flying

light, with no return ticket. He was a college graduate with Marxian proclivities, many accomplishments, and wished to lead the ideal life as laid down by Sir Thomas More, Rousseau, William Morris, Herron, Triggs, Sinclair and Ali Baba ❧ He desired to use his life for human betterment—to help usher in the Better Day. "At last, at last!" he sighed, "I have found a place where I can truly live and not merely exist," and he sat down on a bench ❧ ❧

"We need you," I said. "You see that man shoveling coal in the cellar? One man on a team is non-ethical and mal-economic. According to Crosby, that man needs your influence. Help him!"

"What! and shovel coal?" ¶ "Yes."

"Not I—I renig on shoveling coal! I came here to have you publish my book, 'The Treason of the Trusts,' and give lectures on Ethics in Economics."

He reached the station just in time to catch the Skidoo Express, Number Twenty-three, which leaves at four o'clock

And the peculiar thing was this: That load of coal was the last wagon load of five car-loads. The trick was his. A very small bluff would have made him a reputation—he renigged on the eve of victory. All he got was the disgrace. MORAL: Learn at the feet of Serk the Divine Greaser, who is too strong to work. Make a bluff at it—it may be the last load!

TAMMEN'S ROOSTER

MY old friend, Harry Tammen, has a pet bantam game-rooster that he carries with him on all his travels.

He has the same affection for this bird

that a prima donna has for a poodle ❧ Harry is the main squeeze on the Sells-Floto Circus. Harry's bantam rooster has just one chum beside Harry, and that is the big giraffe. Otherwise, the bantam stands ready at all times to fight everything from an ant-eater to an elephant ❧ He has just one antipathy, however—his hoodoo is a mouse. The smaller the mouse, the bigger the blue funk that takes possession of the bird.

The other day the keeper threw out a handful of cracked corn for the bantam where he was scratching around in the sawdust near the big giraffe.

As the rooster was picking up the corn, suddenly an innocent little mouse appeared on the scene to get his share ❧ The mouse was quietly nibbling when all at once the rooster spied him, and simply flopped, and took the referee's count ❧ ❧

The bird was so scared he could not wiggle, but after a moment or two he struggled to his feet and managed to fly up on the back of his friend, the giraffe. There his nerve came back to him, partially, and he tried another fly and lit on top of the giraffe's head.

Then he began to crow and call bad names at everything and everybody in sight ❧ The giraffe did not pay the slightest attention to the bantam—seeming to think it was all part of the show, and regarding him as a sort of new chanticleer bonnet ❧

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PEANUT MAN'S TROUBLES

ABOUT five years ago there was a man who started a peanut stand on the main street of East Aurora, just opposite the Baptist Church ❧ ❧

Last month we buried him—we had to —he was dead.

It was nervous prostration, developing into paresis, that killed him. Business troubles were at the base of it—financial worry!

It seems another fellow had started a stand down by the depot so as to catch the Roycroft visitors, and had put in pop-corn on the side.

It preyed on our peanut man—he did n't understand pop-corn—he lost appetite, could not sleep and finally took to hard cider. And when he matched his vocabulary against that of his mother-in-law, that was the beginning of the end.

I hope no one will smile at this simple and truthful tale. A peanut man's troubles are just as big, proportionally, as are the troubles of the General Passenger Agent of the Big Four.

And now I suppose some well-meaning

individual will up and ask, " Why did n't the late peanut man know better than to have his stand near the Baptist Church? "

¶ So I will explain that this fact had nothing to do with his demise. Such propinquity might have worried some men, but not a peanut man.

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EGOTIST GAFFED

TO TAP the egotistic pus cavity in a large, dignified man is a fine art. You can not do it with a bludgeon; and the woman who lambastes with the fringe of a fan, or even jabs with the hat pin of repartee, comes tardy off.

This by way of foreword: Once upon a day, that fine old Philistine, Mrs. John Sherwood, seventy-four years young, was visiting Harvard College. And it was meet that she who had hobnobbed with

Kings and Queens and known all the Presidents since Jackson, should be shown about the place by President Eliot, himself. In one of the class rooms the visitors heard a certain young man recite; he recited so well that Mrs. Sherwood grew interested and asked who he was. President Eliot answered that he did not know.

"In fact," said the Boss Pedagog, "I do not know any of the pupils personally: it is the general system of education that I am interested in, not the evolution of any mere individual!"

"And so you take no personal interest in any of these young men?"

"Oh, not the least!" was the answer, given in a tired tone.

"Well, well, well," said Mrs. Sherwood, "I 'm glad God Almighty has not got so far along as that!"

President Eliot smiled a sickly smile, and said something about it being necessary

to get a move on, as it looked like rain. Then he quickly recovered all of his No. 10 Dignity, and assumed his usual Cold Storage manner. However, that night when the Great Man had laid aside his Dig., and was removing his clothes, preparatory to taking a bath, he discovered a small blue spot over his solar plexus, just north-east of the umbilicus. He muttered to himself, "Well, I 'll be dash binged if I don't really believe that that queer old woman who was here today threw the gaff into me!" And all the time the night winds sighed solemnly through Holworth Hall; and Little Copeland and the Center Rush starting forth to study Sociology at a chippie dance, saw Mars, glowing red in the west, wink slyly to Minerva; while from across Soldiers' Field arose and fell, and died away on the empty air, the sweet, sad notes of the curlew.

"DAYS ARE AS GRASS"

OMING up from Hot Springs I met a smooth faced, jaunty little man. He was dressed like a youth, and at first sight, I took him for a young man, but another look convinced me he was sixty, at least. Whether he was born sixty years ago or not really makes no difference, he had lived sixty years. Evidently he had made money, but just how, it would have been indelicate to ask. His short, sharp sentences revealed an intimacy with the ring-side and the race-track, and the diamond stud in his scarf told of gains I hoped not ill-gotten

The little man had gone the pace, and now was paying the penalty.

This was sure, for sprinkled in his sporty talk were remarks about MacFadden, Rest

Cure, No Breakfast, Health Foods and Mental Science. These things were new to him, but in them he had now a direct and personal interest. He asked me what I thought of Mary Baker Eddy; and at another time questioned me as to what the test was for uric acid; and then asked if I wore an Electric Belt.

On the second day of the journey we were in the smoking car together. I was reading and he was sitting looking out of the window in an abstracted way, his neat Fedora slightly tilted over one eye.

¶ The train whizzed through a little village. I was conscious that my friend was looking attentively at something out on the landscape.

He turned to me and said, "There is another one of those goddam graveyards!"

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To the average mind sequence is proof ❧

ONE OF THE ELECT

A FROWSLED, towsled, greasy and shiny One, in battered dinky derby and tightly buttoned Prince Albert, blew in the Shop the other day and greeted me effusively. He was one of the Elect, he said, temporarily reduced and slightly disfigured by too much contact with a cold and cruel world. He glibly explained these things, although he needed not, for life writes its record on the face, and the record in this case was writ large.

Society was all wrong—the rich were getting richer, the poor poorer—merit was never considered, all things went by favoritism—my friend longed for the Ideal Life. I started to say something, but the Lubricated One shut me off with the

gracious wave of a hand unmanicured. "Oh, never mind that," said he, "I anticipate you—you are going to say that the Ideal Life is an iridescent dream, and that all the East Aurora there is, is the East Aurora that one carries in his own breast. Truth, truth, shining truth, but you see I brought my East Aurora with me—my heart is right—I believe in the Brotherhood of Man!"

"And you have no money?" I mused aloud, trying to gain time to formulate a Scheme.

"Money—money? Have I money? Why, Comrade, I am a feather! I trust I am in time for the quarterly dividend!"

"Yes," he continued, "and I never could have reached this Haven of Rest—I mean Work—were it not for Col. Smith of Cleveland—A. J.—great fellow, is n't he? He gave me a ticket here. Where 's Ali Baba? I think I 'll have him take me over

to the Phalanstery and get a bite of something before I go to work. ' You can take no joy in your tasks if you are on half rations,' William Morris used to say, and wisely say. Ali Baba, he 's the man I want to see! "

" There he is," I exclaimed, " out there on that wagon with the spotted pony, and the load of mail bags." I walked to the door, arm in arm, with my new found friend, and as we reached the steps I pressed a big silver dollar in his palm and called, " Oh, Baba, one moment, please—here is a gentleman going to Buffalo. He wants to catch the four o'clock Train! "

Baba reached out a big calloused hand, and gave the fellow a lift to the top of the mail bags.

" Hold on," called the Elect One, " just a second! "

He flashed out one of Dr. Pierce's Ladies

Calendars and the stub of a pencil and began to write most vigorously, just as Richard Mansfield writes a letter on the stage.

"It 's the little accommodation, you know—I always keep track of these things—I 'll return the amount in a day or two—so long!"

We shook hands warmly.

"Give my regards to Col. Smith when you see him," I said, as the wagon moved away.

"That I will!" called the passenger astride of the mail bags—"that I will—he 's our kind, is the Colonel—so long!" And he lifted the battered derby with a flourish that symboled sincerity, respect, good will, and told of the brotherhood of man. I now hear that the Frowsy One has given a not wholly complimentary lecture on "The Roycrofters as I Found Them."

IN THE WRONG PEW

IT IS a well attested fact that all jokes can be traced back to six originals, evolved in Egypt during the Fourth Dynasty. This being true, it is the right and moreover the duty of every man to improve on any old joke that he may find lying around loose. For instance, Bernard Shaw tells of a man from Oil City who was visiting a Cathedral in England, and the Oil City man, being affected by the history and atmosphere of the place, knelt in prayer. A zealous and watchful verger happened by and shaking the man by the shoulder said, "Look, you sir, none o' that! if I 'd let one do that here, there would soon be folks praying all over the place."

And now comes that excellent man,

Booker Washington, and tells of the new "High Church" that has recently been consecrated at Tuskegee. It seems old Aunt Chloe ventured in to vespers one evening, and hearing others respond, took a hand, too. "Thank God!—Blessed Jesus—Amen!" shouted Aunty in fine falsetto.

The Chief Warden went softly over and whispered, "Madam, you will please keep order!" Aunty promised, but soon smote the air with a very loud clear, "Blessed Jesus—dat 's so!"

Then the Chief Warden decided on more heroic measures, and going over, said to Aunty, "Madam, what 's the matter with you, anyway?" as preliminary to ejecting her.

"Oh, I'se got religion," shrieked Aunty, "Blessed Jesus! I'se got religion!"

"Madam," said the Warden sternly, "Madam, this is no place to get religion!"

HOOK AND EYE BAPTISTS

N a recent Philistine I referred incidentally to a religious sect called "The Hook & Eye Baptists." Up to this writing I have received forty-seven letters, asking what an H & I Baptist is. And to save the necessity of printing a circular of elucidation I will here explain that in East Aurora there is a number of people who differ only from plain-every-day Baptists in that neither men nor women wear buttons on any of their clothing, using hooks and eyes instead. The plan is no recent innovation put forth by Humpy De Long, for this peculiar people have long held, and stoutly maintained, that buttons are an invention of the Devil. Primitive Christians never wore buttons; and hooks and eyes serve all useful pur-

poses. Buttons are expressions of vanity, a lure for the eye, and the silver, gold and brass buttons that are seen constantly are factors of Satan dragging men and women down to Perdition. On women's attire buttons are immodest and suggestive; and on men's clothing they speak of military pomp and the glory of strife. Note the useless buttons on the sleeve of every man's coat and the buttons at the back, formerly placed to support a sword belt, but now of no more use than an appendix vermiformis. These things are wasteful extravagance and extravagance is sinful. Hooks and eyes are simple and unobtrusive—scarcely being seen when in use, never thrusting themselves into undue prominence nor calling attention to themselves, like the lascivious pleasing of a flute, by their brazen polished brilliancy that beckons and seduces. The East Aurora Hook & Eye Baptists

as yet have no Meeting House of their own, holding services every Sunday at the residence of some member, but I have offered to deed them a lot and head their subscription list if they will build a church; and we hope soon to have the Denomination on a good financial footing.

HE USED THE SYNONYM

THUS it happened several years ago that the Bishop of Ripon journeyed Westward, and fell into the hospitable arms of the Dean of Denver. The servants in the household had been cautioned that the Great Man should be addressed as "My Lord." All thoroughly understood the lesson, including Eph, an American citizen of Afric descent.

The Bishop duly arrived and was shown

to his apartments. Eph was told to go up presently and see if there was not something that the Great Man wanted. ¶ Eph tapped at the door and asked if he could be of service. "Yes," said the Bishop, "bring me some shaving water, please."

"Yes, my God!" said Eph, and straightway went and brought a pitcher of ice water.

WHAT HE NEEDED

VERY baldheaded man went into a Barber Shop at East Aurora and plumping himself down in the chair said:

"Hair-cut!"

Jed, the Barber, looked at him a moment and replied:

"Why man you don't need no hair-cut —what you want is a shine."

So here then endeth *Twenty o'Clock and Other Droll Stories,* as written by Elbert Hubbard, and done into a printed book by The Roycrofters, at their Shops, which are in East Aurora, Erie County, New York, during the month of July, mcmxx

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

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